

From The Greeley News.

**Welda Farmer Comes Again.**

We protest in being enumerated as one of the 1,200 that is going to vote the People's ticket. We protest against the farmers going into politics and taking separate political action. We protest against a man signing himself "Welda Farmer" who never plowed a furrow.—[Garnett Plaindealer.

Exactly, Mr. Plaindealer. It would be strange if your Welda correspondent shouldn't protest against such high-handed proceedings; and when you say Welda Farmer never plowed a furrow, you told the truth for once; and I will give you due credit; and as Welda Farmer is caught, he will not try to wiggle out like the Plaindealer's Welda correspondent did, and try to hide his identity, but will respectfully remark that he (Welda Farmer) don't have to plow a furrow. I will also say that, now I am more than ever convinced that I caught the right fellow, notwithstanding your denial.

Now, in regard to my right to sign myself Welda Farmer, I will say that I have been on a farm for eighteen years, and made it my principal occupation, and rely entirely for a living upon what I produce upon my farm; and as I have been blessed with pretty good boys, who plow my furrows for me, you see I don't have to unless I have a mind to.

I am not in the position of Welda correspondent and so-called farmer, who has been hunting office ever since he was old enough to shout, "Down with the liquor saloon!" or "Three cheers for the G. O. P.!"—just as his chances appeared the most favorable, either in the Prohibition or Republican ranks; and when he gets left, bunts a school to teach, which is the next best thing to tide him over and make up for his lack of farming experience.

I shall continue to sign myself Welda Farmer, notwithstanding your protest.

Again: The Plaindealer denies that Welda correspondent gave the information about Mr. Alexander. Now, he may not have furnished all the points, but I am satisfied he gave enough to have the slanderous article manufactured, and it answered all practical purposes; and if Welda correspondent will volunteer to tell the Plaindealer that Welda Farmer never plowed a furrow (which ought to condemn him at once) he will tell other foolish little things, which do not injure the parties attacked, but act as a boomerang; and the recoil is hurting, as we can plainly see. Now, as Welda correspondent denies being into the business, and as the Plaindealer says it likes to see friend Turrell and Welda Farmer squirm under the lash, very good; but it strikes us very forcibly that some others are doing some squirming. But, I do not wish to do an injustice to any one, and if have accused the wrong fellow, I wish to beg his pardon. But I would like to tell a little story about a fish:

In and about New York harbor there is a certain kind of fish that is very annoying to fishermen. It is kind of water scavenger, and is continually nosing around into the holes and crevices among the rocks, hunting grub; and when a fishing party starts out on a fishing excursion, the first thing they do when they get upon the fishing grounds is to find out whether this fish is about, for they can get very little satisfaction in fishing if this particular fish is in the neighborhood; so the first thing they do is to bait the biggest hook they have with extra bait; and if this particular fish is about, you will generally catch him at once, as it is a kind of fish that lacks what we would call discretion. You may bait your hook with little bait, and it will suck it off as fast as you can bait your hook; but if you put on your hook a big chunk, it will generally swallow the whole business, and you can see at once who has been making you trouble. This fish is called a sucker, by reason of

its being sly in its habits and sucking little bait off the hook and swallowing with avidity the hook when especially baited.

Now for the application. It becoming evident to me that there was some one spying around and reporting certain manufactured items to the detriment of our cause, I thought I would ascertain, if possible, who the culprit was; and, as I didn't like to accuse any one wrongfully (although I had my suspicions) but to be positive, I thought I would go fishing and see if I could find out who was stealing our bait, as it were; so I baited my hook with certain choice morsels, threw out my line and waited patiently for developments and a bite. I did not have to wait long, and was rewarded beyond my most sanguine expectations, for my fish jumped clear out of its element and swallowed my bait, hook, bob, line and—I was going to say my pole. Talk about friend Turrell and Welda Farmer squirming! Why, the wiggling and twisting of my fish would have put to shame the biggest sucker in the Atlantic ocean; and as the Plaindealer says it is amused at the leaders of the People's party, etc., we had a chance to be amused at a Republican "leader" when we hooked him through the gills. And then to try to make us believe it was some other fish that was stealing our bait after we had him wiggling was ludicrous in the extreme.

Now then, if I have got the wrong fish, how the dickens came he on my hook? Will some one answer?

WELDA FARMER.

**How Can He?**

How can Funston work for the interest of the railroads and for the farmers at the same? The railroads, remember, are working for his return to congress. The fact of the matter is, Funston is no friend of the farmer—he is a railroad man.—Greeley News.

Ed. News: I saw the above in the Torch of Liberty last week, credited to THE NEWS. A truer statement was never written. Funston cannot do the bidding of railroads and be true to the farmers too. But farmers should remember that the railroads have a right to nominate a man for congress if they desire. You see the farmers held their convention and nominated a man (Allen) whom they will support, and it had been left to the farmers to put out a Republican too, there would never have been any Funston put. So the railroads and the banks promptly respond, and a convention is held and "Pharmer Funston" re-nominated. The Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Gulf railroad ordered the section men to quit work at Fulton, Bourbon county, and go to the primary and vote for Funston delegates to the county convention. I suppose they did the same other places where there was danger of Funston losing the delegations. The hands at that place were allowed pay just the same as if they had thrown dirt with the shovel. Funston had to be nominated, said the railroads, and he was. Mr. Farmer, would you not like to know what Funston has agreed to do for the K. C., Ft. S. & G. railroad in return for this magnanimous support? Truly, Ed Blair.

Cadmus, Kas.

MIXED DRINKS, the name of a liquor dealers' journal, bemoans the fact that temperance people circulate 50,000,000 copies of periodicals per annum, while liquor men only 1,200,000. Nothing strange about that. Temperance people appeal to minds, and liquor men to depraved tastes and habits. Literature is no match for beer and whisky when appealing to depravity.—Chicago Express.

In this country there is but one farmer in office for every 500,000 citizens. Who fills the rest of the offices? —Farmers' Friend.

**Protect All but the Victims.**

Hello, congress! At once come out of that tall grass and make one more law to the effect that hereafter all political caucuses and conventions must be held in saloons, or where liquor is sold; that no man can be eligible to public office unless he is a confirmed drunkard; that every vice-president must keep a gin-mill and be an active member of the United States Drunk-Makers' Association; that the supreme court shall always have a majority of members who get drunk; that the spirit of the constitution must hereafter be taken from a bottle.

Since the supreme court has proclaimed against the doctrine of state rights and the right of a state to enjoy a temperance sentiment, and in favor of rum-sellers roaming over the country and supplying whisky from a tin pail to Italian street-cleaners in New York city, to lugging bottles of liquor as original packages into camp-meetings, etc., a firm in Iowa is fitting out original package ("O. P.") wagons. The object is to load wagons with original packages in bottles, kegs, etc., and get liquor out among all the farmers and laborers who can be reached, and deliver liquor at their doors in any quantity called for, the wagons to make regular trips through the country at stated intervals.

It is expected that mail wagons and letter-carriers will soon be ordered to carry original packages, and by so doing, add to the revenue of the mail department, even though the entire female department of the United States be driven to bare floors, rags and prostitution, and the rising generation to slavery and pauper graves.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker will soon have an original package room in the job department of his great store, and the vice-president's wife will probably soon be pasting labels on original packages, for revenue only, judging from the way the machine is being run by the G. O. P.—Grand Original Package combination.—Pomeroy's Advance Thought.

[The above was written before the passage of the Wilson bill, but the spirit of the thing remains. The law does not change the attitude of the supreme court toward the liquor power.—Ed.]

THE pagan whittles a little god out of a wooden stick and turns round and asks his little god to make it rain. He is proud to show the world what a heathen he is. The monometalist creates by law a fictitious valuation on gold metal, and turns round and asks his little god to serve as a standard of all values. He tries to show the world that he is not a heathen. Which is the more absurd and slavish idolator?—Express.

LEGISLATION is now proposed to abolish the "discretion" of the secretary in the purchase of bullion and to make the monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces compulsory. It is about time to take from Wm. Windom his privileges as absolute monarch over the finances and business of the country.—Chicago Express.

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON is a member of the banking firm of Morton, Bliss & Co., London, and President Harrison has been a railroad attorney since the war. Yet a new party is not necessary!—Farmers' Friend.

**Why Peffer Was Not Here.**

Judge W. A. Peffer, who had been engaged by the F. M. B. A. to address the farmers at the fair Thursday afternoon, failed to put in an appearance. The following correspondence will explain why he failed to arrive:

**FIRST TELEGRAM.**

UNION DEPOT, KANSAS CITY, MO., August 28th.—Missed connection here this a. m. Go to Osage City and across to Garnett by Mo. Pacific; will arrive this afternoon. W. A. PEFFER.

**SECOND TELEGRAM.**

OSAGE CITY, August 28th.—Can't reach Garnett in time, will write explanation at once. W. A. PEFFER.

**LETTER.**

OSAGE CITY, Aug. 28, 1890.

Prest. Fair Association, Garnett.

DEAR SIR: I spoke at Willamstown on the U. P. railway, last night, left that place this morning for Kansas City, expecting to board the S. K. at that place for Garnett, but was a few minutes late. Was told I could get over from Osage City this p. m. and came on, but there is no train here in time. Please explain to the people. I regret the disappointment very much. W. A. PEFFER.

UNDER the new law the secretary may purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver if he feels like doing so, but he must coin 2,000,000 per month until July 1, 1891, which will yield \$2,313,804.71 per month. From that date he need not coin a dollar if he does not feel like doing it.—Express.

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